

In Caroline, whar I was born,
I hust de wood, an' I chop de corn,
A roasted ear to de house I bring,
But de driver cotch me and he sing:

CHORUS: Walk, jaw bone, Jenny come along,
In come Sally wid de bootees on,
Walk, jaw bone, Jenny, come along,
In come Sally wid de bootees on.

De cord de driver from me rob,
An' he make me eat de cob;
I chaw de cob until my gums
Stick out like Carolina plums.

CHORUS

Dey fasten me up under de barn,
Dey feed me dar on leaves ob corn;
It tickled my digestion so,
Dat I cotch de cholerophoby, oh.

CHORUS

Dey mad me a scar-crow in de field.
And a buzzard come to get his meal,
But in his face I blowed my bref,
An' he was a case for ole Jim Death.

CHORUS

Next come a hungry eagle down,
Oh! gosh thinks I, dis nig's done drown;
But he winked an' cried "I'se de bird ob de free
And won't eat de meat ob slabery."

CHORUS

Next come a weasel for my juice,
An' he gnawed till he untied me loose,
An' den I mad off wid a quick salarm,
An' lef' him be widout a dram.

CHORUS

Den down de bank I see'd de ship,
I slide down dar on de bone ob my hip;
I crossed de drink an' yare I am,
If I go back dar, I'll be damp!

CHORUS

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